

CHADWICK BACK; BLAMES WIFE

DUPED HIM, HE SAYS, AND SPENT HIS CASH AND DAUGHTER'S.

Gets In on Belated Pretoria, and After a Strenuous Day Starts for Cleveland to Face the Music—Goes Willingly With Sheriff Barry, Who Seizes Off Hoboken Cops—He's Very Nervous.

Cassie Chadwick's husband, Dr. Leroy S. Chadwick, indicted by the Grand Jury of Cuyahoga county, Ohio, for complicity in Mrs. Chadwick's amazing financial operations, arrived in New York with his daughter Mary yesterday morning on the Hamburg-American steamer Pretoria. Central Office Detective Benoit, to whom Sheriff Barry of Cleveland turned over requisition papers, failed to appear at the Barge Office yesterday morning, and the Sheriff went out alone to Quarantine to meet the doctor. Dr. Chadwick agreed to accompany the Sheriff without requisition papers, and after a strenuous day at Meyer's Hotel in Hoboken left Jersey City at 5:15 o'clock in the afternoon for Cleveland, ostensibly a free man.

Several passengers on the Pretoria with whom the doctor became friendly said that he talked bitterly about his wife. She had deceived him, spent all his money and the fortune of his daughter Mary, and left them practically penniless. His own innocence he maintained earnestly in these talks, and he declared that he was eager to get back to prove himself an honest man and to find out just how dishonorable his wife had been.

The Sheriff from Cleveland had been waiting here for Dr. Chadwick since Wednesday. Rough weather and fogs delayed the Pretoria, and she was three days overdue when she passed the Sandy Hook lightship at 2:30 A. M. yesterday. Barry had made all the arrangements to have the extradition papers served according to the law of this State, which requires the local police to perform the duty. At his request Inspector McCluskey detailed Detective Sergeant Maurice Benoit to meet Barry at any time set and accompany him on board the steamer. The plan of the Sheriff was to have the doctor formally arrested and to take him back to Cleveland prisoner.

When the Sheriff was informed by telephone before daylight that the Pretoria had been sighted, he hustled to the Barge Office and then telephoned to Police Headquarters for Benoit. He couldn't get Headquarters, although he tried twice, he says, and finally, mad as a hatter, boarded a revenue cutter and made for Quarantine. He realized that his job was a ticklish one, since he had no legal right to arrest the doctor, but as he put it:

"I went out to the boat with my mind made up that I was going to get Chadwick if I had to tie him up in a nice little package and put him in my pocket."

Down the bay the revenue cutter had a race with two tugs. On board one was W. L. Fay of Elyria, Ohio, who asserted afterward that he had Mrs. Chadwick's authority to act as her husband's legal representative. On the other was Edward W. Drucker of this city, who had a summons issued by the Supreme Court of New York county to serve on the doctor in the complaint of Herbert B. Newton, the banker of Brookline, Mass., for the recovery of \$90,800, the total of two notes, one for \$50,000 and the other for \$40,800, given by the doctor to Newton, he says, when the Brookline man was pressing Cassie to make good her personal notes to him.

The three boats got to the side of the Pretoria about the same time, and Sheriff, lawyers and a score of reporters scrambled excitedly to the deck. Sheriff Barry found that Dr. and Miss Chadwick were occupying staterooms 155 and 156 in the second cabin. How pursued by lawyers and reporters the Sheriff made a bee line for the second cabin. He rapped sharply on the door of 155 and instantly it was opened by a thin, sharp featured little man whose face was white as paper, and who asked in a thin, high voice what was wanted.

"I regret to say that I have a very disagreeable duty to perform," said the Cleveland Sheriff. "You have been indicted by the Grand Jury of Cuyahoga county, and I am here to take you back with me as soon as possible."

SHERIFF COSTS THE LAWYERS.

The doctor pulled at his little black mustache in obvious agitation. His hands shook and he looked like a man that was all in. Just then his daughter appeared behind him with a look of surprise on her rather pretty face. Lawyer Fay came up and started to say something to the Sheriff sharply. "Don't do that," said the Sheriff sharply. "You've got no business talking to this man until I finish with him."

"You mind your business," said Fay. "I am here as the legal representative of Dr. Chadwick, and I insist on talking to him." Sheriff Barry is a big man, with shoulders and arms of alarming size. The blood rushed to his face, and he planted himself squarely in front of the little doctor.

"You got out," said he laconically to Fay. "Now, doctor," he added, "we will go to your stateroom, where we can talk privately."

"Certainly," said the husband of the woman who made Cleveland famous. "I am entirely at your service, Sheriff."

They were about to step inside when Lawyer Fay took Miss Chadwick by the arm and started to lead her into the other stateroom. Barry saw it and turned, his face flaming with wrath. He didn't waste any time, but his glance was so menacing that Fay walked away. Miss Chadwick went in with her father and the Sheriff.

They hadn't been talking two minutes when Drucker, the other lawyer, rapped at the door and wanted to come in to serve the summons in Banker Newton's suit.

"You can't come in here," said the Sheriff. "I am a patient man, but a little more of this thing is going to make me hot."

Drucker retired. Afterward he served his papers while the Pretoria was passing Liberty Island.

Sheriff Barry told Chadwick frankly that he did not have the extradition papers with him, and explained the tangle that has been made of the job. He showed Chadwick a telegram from Mrs. Chadwick, asking him to return at once and quietly, and said that his own advice to avoid unpleasantness. Dr. Chadwick during the Sheriff's explanation was so nervous he couldn't sit still. He fidgeted in his chair and his lean hands were constantly going to his face. His daughter was crying, and he went to where she sat and put his arm around her shoulder.

"I think I had better go back, Mary," he said. "You know that's been my wish all the time."

Then he told the Sheriff that he was at his disposal. The Sheriff breakfasted on board the Pretoria with the doctor, while the boat waited at Quarantine. At the table the doctor talked freely, but his being was that of a man trying to stiffen against a breakdown. At about half past 9 o'clock the steamer left Quarantine and

made her way up the bay, getting to her pier at Hoboken at 11 o'clock.

HOBOKEN POLICE BUT IN.

Then occurred a piece of business that seemed unnecessary and made the Sheriff put on his fighting face again. Two detectives from the Hoboken force were waiting. They had been sent to arrest Dr. Chadwick by Chief of Police Hayes of Hoboken on the request of Detective Sergeant Benoit, who telephoned to the Hoboken police when he found he had missed the revenue cutter. The Hoboken detectives were Weinthal and Quinn, and they hustled forward importantly when the steamer made her landing.

Weinthal inquired which was Dr. Chadwick. Barry informed him.

"You are under arrest," said Weinthal. Dr. Chadwick looked as if he was quite ready to drop. He protested in his weak, high voice that the arrest was not needed, that he had made arrangements with Sheriff Barry to return to Cleveland peacefully and without insisting on the execution of the requisition papers. Weinthal insisted that it made no difference, that he would have to go to the Hoboken Police Headquarters.

"What shall I do?" asked the doctor of the Sheriff.

"Oh, you might as well go," said Barry disgustedly. "I'll go along and explain this tangle if possible."

The Sheriff was so mad that he said just three words on the way to the police station, and those three, unfortunately, cannot be printed. There must have been 2,000 people following the doctor and his captors to Police Headquarters. Dozens of them were camera fiends, amateur and professional, who fell over one another trying to get a picture of Dr. Chadwick and his daughter. To the girl the notoriety and the conduct of the sensation hunters was plainly disconcerting to the point of tears. She sat back in her carriage and pulled a heavy brown veil over her face. The doctor himself didn't seem to mind it that much. He hit nervously on the head of his cane and had nothing to say on the way.

At the station house Benoit was waiting. He had the warrant in his pocket and was ready to serve it should the doctor cross the river. He said nothing in the course of the proceedings in Chief Hayes's office and did not get noticeably close to the big Cleveland Sheriff. Barry explained matters to Hayes.

"I have arranged with Dr. Chadwick to return to Cleveland with me and I have not arrested him. The doctor and I understand each other. We are going to Meyer's Hotel, where he will make arrangements for his daughter, and then we will take the train for Cleveland."

"I don't see what I can do but let the doctor go," said Chief Hayes. "Still, you'd better let the doctor go before Recorder Stanton and explain matters, since an arrest has been made. His court is still in session."

Barry looked as if nothing in the world would give him so much delight as punching somebody, but he kept his temper.

COURT PROCEEDINGS BRIEF.

Dr. Chadwick was led inside the railing of Recorder Stanton's court. He sat down wearily, and Court Clerk Lavery told him to stand up. Weinthal was sworn and said that he heard the doctor was a fugitive and therefore arrested him.

"Any one in court to make a complaint against this man?" said the Recorder. Nobody answered for some time. Then the Sheriff explained the situation in forceful words.

"Any warrant for him?" put in the Recorder rather sharply.

"Not in this State," said Barry. "Solong as we remain in Jersey I don't see any necessity for arresting him."

Discharged, said the Recorder curtly. On the way to Meyer's Hotel the cab in which Dr. and Miss Chadwick and the Sheriff were riding broke down. A wheel fell off. All three got a shaking up and climbed into a carriage in which Detective Benoit was riding. Benoit, as well as the Hoboken sleuths, stayed right with Barry and the doctor. Barry was asked to explain.

"Ask me," he answered with a grin that was not at all humorous. Barry registered for the three and they went to a parlor on the second floor. The persistent sleuths remained below. Pretty soon Charles Taylor, of an investment company at 30 Broad street, whose wife is a cousin of the first Mrs. Chadwick, arrived at the hotel. With him was his wife. "Our presence here is purely coincidental," said Mr. Taylor. "The situation is very unpleasant for the girl."

Sheriff Barry came down stairs after a while and went over to Manhattan to pay his hotel bill at the Hoffman House, leaving Dr. Chadwick unguarded. The doctor apparently had the fullest confidence in the doctor's word. While he was gone in came Philip Carpenter, who was Mrs. Chadwick's lawyer. He had been here in experience here recently. He went up to the parlor. He hadn't been there more than ten minutes when Barry came back and told him that the doctor was talking to Dr. Chadwick. The Sheriff wasted no time in hopping up the steps.

Dr. Chadwick told him as soon as he got into the parlor.

"Mr. Carpenter tells me that I do not have to go back to Cleveland with you unless you want to," said the doctor. "The thing to do is to let me go and to let me go to my home."

"You have given your word that you will go back with me and not make any more of these things as your agreement?" "I-I," said the doctor nervously. "I don't quite know what to do."

"Well," said the Sheriff, "you can make up your mind to go as a free man or go under arrest. I have done the square thing by you; now you do the right thing by me."

Will be under the unpleasant necessity of having you pinched."

EXIT LAWYER CARPENTER.

Carpenter opened his mouth to say something and the Sheriff acted with Western promptness. The thing to do was to let me go and to let me go to my home."

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the Chicago express that pulled out at 5:15 o'clock.

To reporters who pressed him for a statement on board the steamer and at Meyer's Hotel, Dr. Chadwick would say but little. He said that he was glad to go back to Cleveland because his duty as he saw it lay there. He said he had been enjoying himself in Europe and that he had dined with fortune at Monte Carlo, at how much a daily the doctor wouldn't say.

When Mrs. Chadwick's name was brought up and the doctor was asked straightaway as to how much he knew about her operations and the use of Andrew Carnegie's name, he fidgeted and said that he really must be excused. It seemed impossible for the doctor to talk cohesively on any subject for five minutes without having an attack of nervousness.

SAID HIS WIFE DUPED HIM.

During his trip over from Paris by the way of Dover, Dr. and Miss Chadwick were much more communicative, according to a passenger with whom they became very friendly on the voyage. This passenger said yesterday:

"The doctor told me that he feels very bitterly toward his wife. No matter how much she has fooled the rest of the world, she has duped him still more, he believes. He said that she had squandered \$8,000 he had given her and that she had spent several hundred thousand dollars that belonged to his daughter Mary, money that had been turned over to Mrs. Cassia at her own request."

He said he had no idea that his wife had been swindling people until the truth came out in New York a short time ago. He told me that his wife had deceived him in a way almost unbelievable. He had trusted her, he said, but he was anxious to get back, look the situation squarely in the face and find out just what Mrs. Chadwick had done."

"Dr. Chadwick said that he knew nothing about Mrs. Chadwick's past when he married her, and that he had absolutely no reason to believe that she was anything but a true and honorable woman. So far as her being Lydia De Vere, he did not think that was possible. He said earnestly that he was innocent of any wrongdoing himself."

Dr. Chadwick said something of the same sort to Sheriff Barry. He told the Sheriff that he was dumfounded, broken in health and spirit.

"I have always been square and upright," said he, "and I am not afraid to go back and face the music."

"Personally," said the Sheriff yesterday, "I think the doctor is an honest man. I have known him in Cleveland for twenty-five years and I never heard a word against him. The talk there was that Dr. Chadwick believed his wife to be a rich woman in her own right and was not the sort of man to suspect anything."

WE'RE PATTERS, SAYS MARY.

On the steamer Mary Chadwick became great friends with Fraulein Matilda Ebert, a young German girl of her own age, nineteen. She told Fraulein Ebert that her father and herself were paupers now that everything they had had been squandered by her stepmother. She said that her father had been seized and even her favorite pony had been taken. When her father decided to leave Paris and return to New York they had to pawn their jewelry to get enough money for steamer tickets. That was why they travelled second class, she said, a fact that mortified her greatly.

Dr. Chadwick is a man of somewhat curious appearance when one remembers that for eight years he has been the consort of the capable Cassie. He is about 3 feet 7 inches tall and slight in build. His face is narrow, with a prominent nose that looks over a modest mustache. He talks with some hesitation in a shrill voice, rather gets on the nerves. Yesterday he looked like a very sick man, one on the verge of nervous prostration. His black clothes and black hat and tie accentuated his malady.

Mary Chadwick is a pretty girl of nineteen, slight like her father, with dark hair, blue eyes and a good complexion. When she got off the steamer she wore a dark waist and a gray traveling dress. Later she changed into a gown of brilliant red, but it did not appear to increase her cheerfulness. She kept out of sight as much as possible and covered her face with a heavy veil.

It was Dr. Chadwick's wish that she keep away from Cleveland until the trouble was settled, although she was anxious to go with the doctor. To Sheriff Barry Dr. Chadwick remarked during the morning:

"Were it not for this little girl of mine I do not know what I would do. She is loyal and true blue and it makes me feel that the greatest blow of all should fall on her."

The doctor will be released on bail, probably \$10,000, Sheriff Barry was informed simply by telegram before he left Jersey City. He told the doctor and Miss Chadwick seemed to take a good deal of comfort out of it.

RAIL FOR DR. CHADWICK.

Will Go to Jail to See His Wife and to Be Released Under Bonds.

CLEVELAND, Dec. 31.—Dr. Leroy S. Chadwick, in custody of Sheriff Barry, will arrive at the Union station at 7:35 P. M. tomorrow morning over the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Dr. Chadwick will be taken at once to the county jail. There he will be met by Attorney Jay P. Dawley and bondsmen who have consented to sign the doctor's bond.

Attorney Dawley said to-night that everything was arranged and there would be no delay in obtaining bond. The bond was fixed at \$10,000 by Judge Tilden and County Prosecutor Keeler in Common Pleas Court to-day. The prosecutor suggested that the bond be fixed at \$10,000, but Judge Tilden insisted that it be \$10,000.

Arrangements have also been completed whereby Dr. Chadwick will be permitted to see his wife in the jail. The doctor according to present arrangements, will not be placed behind the bars even for a minute. If there is any delay he will be kept in the office of the Sheriff until arrangements for bail are completed.

CARS COLLIDE IN MIDAIR.

Several Hurt in Smashup on Hoboken's Incline Elevated Structure.

The brakes of a well filled Central avenue trolley car, bound from Jersey City Heights to the lower ferry in Hoboken, failed to work yesterday morning while the car was bowling down the steep incline of the elevated structure. Motorist John Hammond struck to his post. The car finally crashed into the rear platform of another car of the same line near Monroe street. Hoboken had never before been stalled.

The vestibule platforms of both cars were wrecked and the passengers badly shaken up. They rushed to the street and struggled to get out on the trestle. The majority of them walked to the Henderson street station and got to the street. Motorist Hammond was internally injured.

He was sent to St. Mary's Hospital. One woman, who declined to give her name, was hurt on the left knee. She went home. Others were bruised and scratched, but not seriously.

MRS. MARY B. HENTZ'S WILL.

Estate of \$150,000 Goes to Husband and Four Children.

The will of Mrs. Mary B. Hentz, a member of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, which was filed for probate yesterday, provided for the distribution of her estate, estimated to be worth not less than \$150,000, between her husband, Ward Beecher's church, the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences and Leroy Spangenberg of Plainfield, N. J., should she die without leaving a husband or children.

The bequests fail because her husband, Henry Hentz, and four children, Mary R. Hentz, Helen L. Hentz, Henry Hentz, Jr., and Leonard B. Hentz, survive her, and they get the entire estate.

The principal part of the estate is bequeathed to Leonard B. Hentz, although there is an expressed desire that the family shall remain together as long as possible and live under the same roof in the old homestead at 769 St. Mark's avenue. A vested interest is given the husband, at whose death the residuary estate is to be divided.

Red Cross Wagons Lost.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

St. Petersburg, Dec. 31.—St. Petersburg dispatches confirm the report that 125 Red Cross wagons have been lost in the journey over the Trans-Siberian Railway.

CZAR ORDERS HIS NEW NAVY.

\$500,000,000 TO BE SPENT ON THESE WARSHIPS.

Construction to Be Completed in Ten Years—Most of the Contracts to Be Placed Abroad—Sixteen Battleships and Eighteen Cruisers Are Planned.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

St. Petersburg, Dec. 31.—The czar sanctioned to-day the expenditure of \$500,000,000 in rebuilding the navy. The programme of construction will occupy ten years.

Ships already ordered which are to be delivered within from three to five years, are eight battleships of the type of the Slava and eight of the type of the Andrei Pervosvanni, six cruisers of the type of the Bayan, six of the type of the Novik, improved, and six of the type of the Bogatyr, fifty 500-ton destroyers, 100 destroyers and torpedo boats of 150, 240 and 350 tons, ten mine laying steamships of the Yenesei type and four floating workshops of the type of the Kamschadka.

All the shares in the shipbuilding company of Lange & Sons, at Riga, have been acquired by the Ministry of Commercial Marine, which is arranging to control other leading shipyards in Russia. The Ministry will direct the construction of the ships to be built in Russia, but by far the greater portion of the new navy will be built abroad.

A WOMAN SCORNED.

Some Remarks on the Other One From a Seeker for Justice.

A woman tripped up to Magistrate Breen in the Tombs police court yesterday and asked for a warrant for her husband's arrest.

"I want him arrested for deserting me. We were married in London, England, in 1894. We had plenty of money and lived happily until we went to South Africa. There he met a woman who wasn't half as charming as I am. I don't see how in the world he could ever fancy such a horrid looking thing."

"Why, Judge, she has yellow hair and the ugliest staring eyes you ever saw. She's skinny and lopsided, and—"

"Never mind about that," broke in the Judge, "just tell me what he did."

"Well," continued the woman, "he ran away with this yellow haired, squint-eyed, detestable creature and I followed him back to London. There he apologized to me and we lived together again for a while. That yellow haired fiend had broken teeth and the biggest feet—"

"Never mind her," said the Judge, soothingly.

"Well (taking a deep breath), the Boer war broke out next and we went to Johannesburg. I thought my husband had forgotten all about the wicked, lanky, loose jointed alien, but, oh, Judge, it's terrible. I was taken with the plague and my husband left me to die. When I got well at last I looked for my husband, but he had vanished. I heard that that yellow haired, false hearted, big footed horror had him again. Why, Judge, she's as ugly as a mud pie. She squints and pads and paints, and—"

"Never mind about her," said Breen, when she halted for breath.

"Well, I followed them back to London, only to find that they had come to this country. I located them yesterday. The big, hollow cheeked, yellow haired fiend was still with him. The brazen faced hussy actually made faces at me."

"As soon as my husband saw me he said: 'Hello, I've seen you before somewhere. What do you want? Now, what do you do for a living?'"

"There's a summons," hastily put in the yellow haired, skinny faced, flatfooted wench a look and came right away to have him arrested. Why, Judge, she's—"

"There's a summons," hastily put in Magistrate Breen. "If that doesn't bring him here by Monday I'll give you a warrant."

"77" is a small vial of pleasant pellets that fits the yeast pocket.

At Druggists, 25 cents, or mailed, Humphreys' Medicine Co., Cor. William and John Streets, New York.

AN AUTHENTIC STATEMENT

The Importations in 1904 of

Moët & Chandon

CHAMPAGNE

ARE OVER 127,000 CASES

These Importations are

Solely Into the United States

Including Foreign Countries,

The sales of

Moët & Chandon Champagne

In 1904 are over

333,333 CASES

Three Hundred and Thirty-Three Thousand, Three Hundred and Thirty-Three

GEO. A. KESSLER & CO.

LIGHTING IN BOSTON.

Board of Aldermen Votes for a Municipal Plant by \$5 to 4.

Boston, Dec. 31.—The answer to-day of the Board of Aldermen to the charges made by Alderman-elect Linehan last night, that an agent of the gas companies in this city had tried to bribe four members of the Board to vote for a municipal gas and electric lighting plants. The vote was 5 to 4 in favor of the order, but Chairman Doyle ruled that according to Chapter 54, Section 2, of the Revised Laws the order failed to receive the necessary two-thirds vote and was lost.

Of the thirteen members of the Board only twelve were present. The other member, Alderman Quayle, is in jail.

Good lawyers, however, hold that if it is not specifically stated that a two-thirds vote of the whole board is required it means two-thirds of a quorum present. If this contention is true the order was passed by the board.

The measure for municipal plants had already passed the Common Council, but before being submitted to the people for ratification at the polls must be passed again next year by each branch of the city government.

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SEEK MARY MANGAN'S FRIEND

Police Look for "Phil," Who May Have Been Her Child's Father.

The police made practically no headway yesterday toward clearing up the facts regarding the death of Mary Mangan, who was found dying in Riverside Drive early on Monday morning. More than twenty detectives from the West 1